





I LIKE TO LISTEN TO
OLD SONGS ABOUT
HEART-
BREAK



"CRAZY, CRAZY
FOR FEELING"
SO LONELY...

AND POST MISSED
CONNECTIONS
ON CRAIGSLIST

ME: CALANITY JANE IN TRAIN CONDUCTOR
OVERALLS WITH A SKETCHBOOK

YOU: LUKE THE DRIVER IN JARHARS WITH
THE TRANARCHY PATCH

LET'S TRADE KNOWING LOOKS ON THE
METRO AGAIN SOMETIME!



IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T
HAVE LOVE IN MY LIFE



poorly drawn life

OR THAT I'M NOT
HAPPY WITH MY LIFE
THE WAY IT IS!



LOTS
OF
MATERIAL

IT'S JUST...
A DIFFERENT KIND
OF LONESOME



LET'S ENACT AGENCY
TOGETHER (WASH. DC)

QUEER THEORY NERD WITH A
SOFT SPOT FOR PRE-1960S
AMERICAN CULTURE, COMICS,
AND BUTCHES SEEKS COWBOY
WITH ACADEMIC BOOKISH
SENSIBILITIES TO RIDE OFF
INTO THE SUNSET WITH.
JUST YOU, ME, AND
MICHAEL WARNER.
MUST LOVE BLUES.

June 4.
2.22.09

Unmapped.

a love/hate letter to the District in which we discuss queer politics, the ubiquity of Google, and an astonishing number of gorillas.

By Hunky Cat

So my dad was using Google street view to find his old house in Philadelphia, where he grew up in the 1960s. Like most things that Google does, street view is kind of cool and kind of creepy. They gather the images from an unmarked van with this bizarre apparatus on top that has multiple lenses sticking out of it to get a panoramic ground level view. It just rolls down the street real slowly, constantly taking pictures of everything. I've never seen it, but that's what he told me. Anyway, so he was looking at his old house, and he saw this big object sitting on the curb outside of it. He zoomed in closer, felt a twang of recognition and then disbelief. Turns out it was the stereo that his parents had bought in 1963 and left in the house for the next owners to use after they moved out, the same stereo on which he'd listened to his first ever Beatles record on his sixteenth birthday. Whoever lives in the house now must have gotten sick of it and decided to throw it away, on the very same day that good ol' Google Van rolled down the street. My dad hadn't seen the thing in probably 40 years, yet there it was, sitting out on the curb for the whole damn internet to see. He told this to us at the dinner table the other night, my mom, my

two brothers, my sister in law and I. "There's a very limited number of people I could tell this story to who would care," he said. "So you guys get to hear it." We laughed at that, but I think it's a pretty great story anyway. I mean, what the hell, internet? What the hell.

Meanwhile, some wildlife researcher dudes just found approximately 125,000 endangered western lowland gorillas in a small, isolated part of the Northern Republic of Congo. Not only is that an extremely large number of gorillas, it's MORE THAN DOUBLE the number of western lowland gorillas previously thought to exist in the ENTIRE WORLD. Think about that for a minute. I mean, we're not talking about butterflies or mice or some kind of wee little creatures that no one really cares about. Gorillas are fucking huge, and scientists love gorillas. They are (were?) listed as critically endangered, which is the highest possible threat category for a species. And now it turns out they only knew about HALF of them. These guys trekked on foot through the mud for three days to this remote-ass jungle 50 miles from the nearest road, on a tip they got from some hunters. "We found an astonishing amount of gorillas," said researcher Hugo Rainey. Yes you did, Hugo. I mean, what the hell? My dad can go to a popular website and look at the picture some Macbook nerd took of his parent's stereo sitting on the curb of his childhood home, and yet there's an entire swath of lowlands over in the Congo filled with 125,000 hulking, endangered apes that no one's fucking noticed for the last however many centuries people have been taking note of such things. Even putting aside the obviously lopsided and spotty

development of information technology systems across the landscape of postcolonial African nations, this says something about our world today. The full breadth of the statement isn't exactly clear to me yet, but one thing's for sure: even though Google is developing its own uber creepy brand of satellites that can read your license plate from space, **THEY CAN'T SEE ALL THE GORILLAS YET, AND THAT MAKES ME FEEL AWESOME FOR SOME REASON.**

I mean, it's stifling how much the powers that be know about you, about us, about everything. It's fucking scary and it's wrong. They know a lot. But they don't know everything, and I forget that sometimes. And I also forget that there's so much that we don't know, that we haven't discovered, that we haven't even begun to imagine. And that's kind of scary too, all of that potential brewing around in our brains and our hearts and out in the world, because who knows what's going to come of it. But sometimes it's really goddamn refreshing to remember that wherever it is we're going, no one's ever gone there before. There's a whole world inside of you that I haven't even begun to explore. There's tons of shit I don't even know about myself, much less about this strange, huge, beautiful, fucked up world.

So this city: Dead City, Ghost Town, the Heart of Empire, the Belly of the Beast, whatever you want call it, it's hard on us and we all know it. And it gives us the feeling that there's this path laid out that we're following, and if we veer off it too much we are going to get stern looks and we are not going to get very far.

Well, you know what, fuck that. It's not true. I love you, DC, but I've chosen darkness.

Sincerely yours, Hunky J. Cat

— why is my head so tiny here? this one is big!



JAN
2004

EGYPT

with
love from
Sassysass
Circles!
1.22.09

MY DAMN
05 MICRON
PEN JUST
EXPLODED.

I MEANT TO KEEP A TRAVEL JOURNAL OF THE
PICTORAL VARIETY WHILE STUDYING ABROAD
IN EGYPT OVER WINTER BREAK, BUT I BARELY
MANAGED TO KEEP A WRITTEN JOURNAL. THE
POST-TRIP ATTEMPT IS GOING JUST SWELL SO FAR.

WE LEFT FROM
DULLES AIRPORT ON
JAN. 2nd

I CAN'T
WAIT TO BE
IN EGYPT!

THE LAST TIME I HAD
BEEN OUT OF THE US WAS
IN THE SUMMER OF 2005...

I WENT TO ISRAEL WITH THE BALTIMORE ZIONIST DISTRICT.

*We flew Delta.
what a shitty airline.
They don't believe in legroom.

ISRAEL
2005

NOPE, IT'S
NOT THIS
ONE EITHER.

WHERE IS THAT
DAMN JOURNAL?

I LOOKED ALL OVER FOR
THE JOURNAL THAT I
KEPT ON THE B'D TRIP
TO ISRAEL, BUT ALL
I FOUND WAS A
COUPLE OF POEMS I
WROTE IN THE FALL OF
2005, AFTER I GOT
BACK HOME.

ANOTHER
DAMN
NOTE-
BOOK

NOTEBOOK

NOTEBOOK II

GUESS WHAT
THIS IS?

NOTEBOOK

NOTEBOOK
LOOK ANOTHER ONE

BY 2006, THE SEEDS OF DOUBT IN MY VEHEMENTLY
ZIONIST UPBRINGING HAD BEEN FIRMLY PLANTED, BUT I WAS
STILL INVESTED IN A LOT OF THE OLD "A LAND WITHOUT A
PEOPLE FOR A PEOPLE WITHOUT A LAND" PROPAGANDA.

HERE'S AN EXCERPT FROM A
POEM I WROTE WHILE VISITING
THE GOLAN HEIGHTS:

"TATTOOED SURVIVORS
SOWED THESE FIELDS
WITH MINES,
FERTILIZED THEM
WITH YOUNG BLOOD,
AND IN THE DRY SPRING,
THE LAND GAVE BIRTH
TO SUNFLOWERS."

"I AM TERRIFIED THAT
I WILL ARRIVE IN ISRAEL
TO FIND THAT THE
PROMISED LAND IS A
MERE DREAM..."

MORE LIKE A
HUGE LIE.

OH!
HERE'S ONE
FROM BEFORE
I LEFT...

FEB 22, 2009



On bidding farewell to Bush



Al-Ahram
Newspaper
By Farouk
Gueida

Jan. 21

Depart in the company of disgrace
The blood of a peaceful people on your hands
Will always haunt your sight
All the young ones lost
In Baghdad's seas of blood
Will remain like a tattoo of disgrace on your forehead
That you can never erase
In Gaza and Galilee all the tombstones
Are loaded with explosive rage,
Cursing your ancestors
What remains of the multitude of death
In Baghdad, I ask.
Nothing for you remains
Apart from a miserable end
Among the ruins
As destruction envelopes Gaza,
Black nights are your only witness.
Depart, then, in the company of disgrace,
With no one regretting your departure

QUESTION WORDS

Who?	mayni?
What?	ay?
When?	am-tal?
Where?	ayni?
How?	ay-tal?
Which?	ayni?

TIME & DATES

What time is it?	ay-tal?
It's (3) o'clock.	ay-tal?
In the morning	ay-tal?
In the afternoon	ay-tal?
In the evening	ay-tal?
today	ay-tal?
tomorrow	ay-tal?
yesterday	ay-tal?
day	ay-tal?
month	ay-tal?
week	ay-tal?
year	ay-tal?
early	ay-tal?
late	ay-tal?
day	ay-tal?

LANGUAGE

ONE YEAR - OM

NUMBERS

Arabic numerals are simple to learn and, unlike the written language, run from left to right. Pay attention to the order of the words in numbers from 21 to 99. When followed by a noun, the pronunciation of *mayya* changes to *may* for the numbers 100 and 300-900, and the noun is always used in its singular form.

0	sh
1	was-hid
2	il-nya
3	ta-ko-ta
4	ar-bo'e
5	la-ma-sa
6	sh'a
7	sa-b'a
8	ta-ma-ya
9	hi's'a
10	'ash-a-ya

Seven Albums That Got Inside My Noggin When I Was Just A Wee One

Contributed by Armida Lowe, of Armida and Her Imaginary Band
www.myspace.com/armidaandherimaginaryband

When I was very young, my father copied some of his old records onto cassette tapes so we could listen to them in the car. There was one tape that we played so many times, it eventually became warped beyond recognition. Tom Waits's "Closing Time" was on Side 'A,' and Don McLean's "Homeless Brother" was on Side 'B.'

When people ask me who my influences are, as a songwriter, I tend to think about the albums that seared themselves into my subconsciousness during my formative years. Now I'm 21 years old, and these seven albums continue to inspire me.

Tom Waits, Closing Time

On his first album, a young, love-lorn Tom Waits croons barroom ballads and lullabies that reveal a much older soul. The song "Martha" used to make me cry every time I listened to it. Put on this album while you're cruising down the highway at night, and you'll see what I mean.

Don McLean, Homeless Brother

Best known as "the guy who wrote American Pie," Don McLean also composed several albums of beautifully written folk songs. On "Homeless Brother," he tells maudlin stories of hobos, wanderers, and lovers with a good natured sense of humor that is rare among folk singers.

Lyle Lovett, Pontiac

The first time I ever did karaoke, I sang "She's No Lady" from my favorite Lyle Lovett album, "Pontiac." Lovett delivers country songs about jealous lovers and difficult women with the swagger of a jazz musician. Whereas songs like "L.A. County" have a distinct twang reinforced by steel guitar, others, like "Black and Blue," sound like a lounge act, complete with a horn section.

Maria Muldaur, On The Sunny Side

This album was written specifically for children, but unlike a lot of children's music, it doesn't insult the intelligence of its audience. Maria Muldaur lends her sweetly husky voice to old Tin Pan Alley standards, original songs like "Cooking Breakfast For The Ones I Love," and even a cover of Dolly Parton's "Coat of Many Colors."

Sparky Rucker, A Home In Tennessee

To this day, I still haven't heard a better collection of traditional folk songs than this children's album by Sparky Rucker, which includes old favorites like "Froggy Went A-Courtin'" and "Crawdad." Sparky is a natural storyteller whose jubilant singing voice is instantly endearing. My favorite part of the album comes at the end of Side 'A,' when Sparky's back-up singers shout, "Sparky! It's time to flap the tape over!"

Cliff Edwards, Ukulele Ike

Better known as the voice of Jiminy Cricket in Walt Disney's "Pinocchio," Cliff Edwards was also a prolific vaudevillian and Tin Pan Alley musician. This was my first introduction to the ukulele, and to the theatrical performance style that I later adopted. One of the most interesting features of these recordings is Ike's improvisational "effin" solos, which sound like the human voice imitating a trumpet or kazoo.

Johnny Mercer, V-Disc Recordings. For Our Armed Services Overseas

This out-of-print album features Johnny Mercer singing some of his most popular songs, backed by a full orchestra. Mercer sings with a natural ease and a humor that fits the light-heartedness of these recordings, which were originally intended for American armed forces who were overseas during WWII.



RUBY

WHAT YOU
DID TO ME

12B 2.28.09



TO BE CONTINUED...

**YON SASSY LASS TAKES A VISIT TO YE
OLDE LOCAL COMIC BOOK STORE...**





Scene 1. 3-2-04 SNOW DAY



**A BRIEF HISTORY OF ZAP
(WITH HELP FROM THE INTERNET):**
ZAP COMIX WAS LIKE, THE MOST
FAMOUS OF THE UNDERGROUND
COMIX (K FOR K-RATED!) THAT
EMERGED IN THE LATE 60S,
MOSTLY THANKS TO A YOUNG
EMERGING TALENT BY THE
NAME OF R. CRUMB. ZAP WAS
PUBLISHED OUT OF SAN FRAN.
BY A DUDELY COLLECTIVE OF
MANARTISTS WHO PROMOTED
COUNTER-CULTURAL IDEAS LIKE
"FREE LOVE" AND GETTING HIGH.
THEY ALSO CHALLENGED CENSOR-
SHIP LAWS WITH THEIR LEWD,
EXPLICIT SUBJECT MATTER
AND ART. njenna b. (of the internet)





WIMMEN'S COMIX WAS PUBLISHED FROM 1972 TO 1992. THE ORIGINAL COLLECTIVE INCLUDED ONE OF MY HEROES, ALINE KOMINSKY!



LIKE MANY OTHER UNDERGROUNDS, WIMMEN'S COMIX CONTAINED EXPLICIT, EVEN PORNOGRAPHIC IMAGES AND WIMMEN'S COMIX IN PARTICULAR DEALT WITH SUBJECTS OF WOMEN'S SEXUALITY, LIKE LESBIANISM AND SEX WORK...

LEWIS JR. 3-3-07

THE ISSUE I FOUND, #7, WAS FROM 1976, THE SAME YEAR Women Against Violence in Pornography and Media (WAVPM) WAS FOUNDED, AND AROUND THE START OF THE FEMINIST SEX WARS. HOW JUICY!



Westboro Baptist Church

(WBC Chronicle Since 1955)
3701 SW 12th Street Topeka, Kansas 66604 784-273-8325 www.godhatesfags.com
Religious Outings and Bible Commentary on Current Events

Saturday, February 28, 2009

NEWS RELEASE

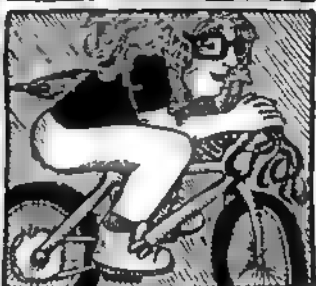
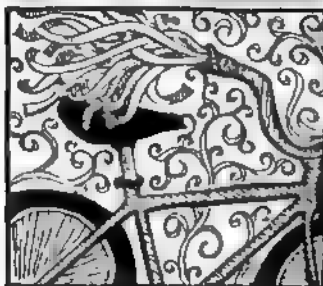
WBC TO PICKET FAG- INFESTED TOWSON HIGH SCHOOL, 69 CEDAR AVE., TOWSON, MARYLAND. MON., MAR. 30, 2:10-2:45 P.M.

Yes. WBC will conduct an educational picket in religious protest and warning; to wit: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked." Gal. 6:7. God Hates Fags! & Fag-Enablers. Ergo, God hates Towson High School, her administrators, faculty, and student body. "Thou shalt not lie with mankind, as with womankind; it is abomination. Neither shalt thou lie with any beast, to defile thyself therewith." Lev. 18:22,23. All fags are "natural brute beasts." 2 Pet. 2:12. *Sodomy destroys the life, damns the soul, and shortens the life span otherwise by at least 20 years. Amen.*

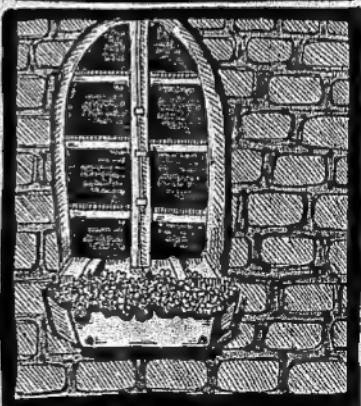
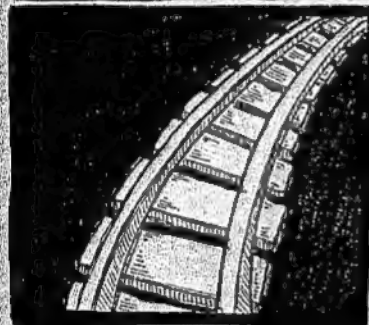
GOD HATES MARYLAND.

↑ I feel an odd sense of
pride that Phelps picked
my high school to picket!
ERGO! I mean, God does
hate Maryland.









This issue of
SASSYFRASS CIRCUS
is dedicated to
MISS ARMIDA LOWE
for playing "Don McLean"
"Sail Away Raymond"
over and over at
my request...

And also to
Christina B Hanhardt
for being the best
teacher I've ever had,
making me like school,
and for being a grown-up
who likes my comic.

ON DA E-MAIL
JENNA.BRAGER
[AT] GMAIL [DOT] COM

ON DA WEB @
SASSYFRASSCIRCUS.COM

♡ jenna br.

*If I didn't define myself for myself,
I would be crushed into other people's
fantasies for me and eaten alive.*

Audre Lorde

don't steal my toons
FOR FAVOR.

zine is \$1.50-3.00 sliding or trade.

Charles
Cotton

Actual Photograph of the man who holds the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

GIVE ME a shiny, Naples, second-rate body -- and I'll warn it so full of bugs, some, bugging new worms that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll make up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to LIVE!

The wouldn't believe it. And I suppose good for he a 21-22
 working. Father called me "Champ." Girls called me "Champ."
 made fun of me during my early. I was a few. "Champ" I dis-
 covered the marvelous new short-hairing system. "Champ" I
 MANHATTAN Head (with a head the title "THE WORLD'S MOST
 PRACTICAL DEVELOPED MAN."

That's how I landed in my "bag of bones" for a head of month. And I felt so much better. As much as I had of the water in my bag, now, I'm a body, that I needed to get my whole life to help me better things than I had been.

What Is "Dynamic Tension"? How Does It Work?

"Newborn Friends" is the new, NATURAL, method you can
master in the privacy of your own room. ANY 15 MINUTE
NATURAL DAY—only one second standing position begins to work.
Simple . . . shows quickly some real help of your body . . . and
two whole body strain is fast. "Wow," lots of slip and

**The Postage Stamp
May Change Your Whole Life!**
As I've pictured it above, I'm steadily building toward
my ideal, despite all obstacles.

Y 444,996 follows, page 4 of 4. Very strongly garbled in postage stamp to use for my FIVE hour. They seemed to read and even themselves here I'm holding 90 currency bundles, and had 2 to getting down the flying store--then I'm leaving them with much-shaking American divisions of east MANTONER.

**MAIL
COUPON—
NOW—FOR
FREE ADOP**

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 113F,
115 East 21st St., New York 100, N.Y.

I used the good old fair system of "Thyroid Tablets" and soon found a New Way of Me-gitts me a healthy, happy body and life. Thyroid Tablets developed me. And no more from bank, "Kerfuffle" and "Bum-bum."

Name _____
(Please print or write clearly)

City _____ Zone No. _____ State _____
(if any)
☐ Check here if sending 28 for Section 2
